

Spartans That Can Swim

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Summary: A new breed of Spartans has been unleashed upon the Covenant. They are a very special group whose purpose is to fight all comers both above and below the waves. These Spartans can do it all, but what makes them special is the fact they can do what no other Spartan can do, they swim into the jaws of death itself.

1. Introduction

Hello there, this'll be my first Halo story and I plan on making an impact with everyone. For those of you who took your time giving me your ideal Spartan thank you. I now have a team that has the capacity for kicking ass. there are few things that I do need help with though. It's in the form of Halo knowledge. Does anyone know anything about the UNSC Navy? If you do please PM me. But there is one part of the story that is ready for your viewing.

Now here's an excerpt for one of the parts in the story where the Covenant first make contact with these "Water Demons."

Kelro Aderum sat impatiently as his Phantom slowly glided through the water with a half dozen other craft that scanned the ocean depths visually with their powerful search lights. So far they had found nothing, not even a great sea creature that he had hoped to see on this watery world. He clicked his mandibles in frustration at having to be here. The Elite Major commanded a squad of Grunts and Jackals that chattered nervously all around him while two of his brethren sat in their seats holding their arms across their chests nervously as the hull of the craft groaned all around them at the pressure of the two thousand feet of ocean pressure above their heads.

He had never liked the water, no Elite in their right mind liked it. On his homeworld of Sanghelios the ocean depths were more dangerous than anywhere on the planet, and he and his species had been wise to steer clear of it in their ancestral rising to become the masters of their world. He himself was a proud warrior, afraid of no living creature, he had fought for years against the human vermin, claiming

many victories in his family's name. His father, too old to fight, had expressed how pleased he was to tell the tales of his valiant son and his exploits in battle. But this was not what Kelro had in mind when the Shipmaster had split from the main fleet with another pair of cruisers to investigate this strange world. But he had no wish to be here, trawling the ocean depths for any sign of a foe he knew was too frail and weak to take to the oceans.

_Or were they, _he thought to himself. True he had never thought too highly of humans but he always thought of the numerous sea side locations of their cities as strange, perhaps they were not afraid of the sea as his species was. If there were any time to simply take time and dwell on that possibility, it was now, in a place where he knew he would not and could not fight.

But all of a sudden the pilots gasped in surprise, and Kelro stood up and walked to the cockpit to see two of his brethren panting in their seats, as if they had just seen a ghost.

"What is it?"

"We don't know whatever it was it was fast. Major, could it beâ€¦|" the Minor gasped, "demons?"

"Impossible, the demons are too heavily armored for underwater operations. Perhaps you saw a fishâ€¦|"

But in that instant, they saw the Phantom directly to their right lurch and shake as its light was extinguished. Its purple hull lights flickered as Kelro ordered the light on their Phantom to shine at their wounded comrade. But what they saw made them cringe in absolute fear. Standing on the wounded and dying Phantom was the worst nightmare of every Covenant warrior. A pair of massive armored bipedal creatures in armor that seemed to hide in the dark tore at the Phantom's hatch until in one last effort a loud banging and screeching noise blasted through the depths and masses of air and then blood of all colors flooded out of the Phantom as the pressure crushed the warriors inside into pulp, squeezing every last drop of blood out. But what scared the Elites was that they could no longer see their quarry.

"Those were Demons!"

"Demons can swim!"

2. Chapter 1: Atlantis Team

"_You humans can do nothing correctly, you fail at the building of ships with shields, you have no plasma, you have barely mastered space travel! So Demon, what is it you and your kind can do?"_

Poseidon looked down at his armored gauntlet that was lit by the rippling of water from the lights in the cavern he and his Spartan brothers and sisters fought to defend. The lights above him flickered dimly as the glowing light of the Elite's energy sword lit the split jawed face of the Major. The Spartan remained silent, but a thin smile graced his lips as he lifted his head and spoke confidently.

"_We swim."_

****Chapter One****

****Planet Onyx, Zeta Doradus System****

****August 24, 2540****

****0014 Hours, Local Time****

"Objective spotted," a young Spartan whispered to her partner who began to flash hand signals to another Spartan on the ground who passed the message on to the rest of the team who sat in cover in the thick underbrush of Onyx's Spartan Training Ground. There were six Spartans on this particular mission. They were all about ten years old and all orphans from the Covenant War. Their families' slaughtered before their eyes, instilling a burning hatred for the aliens who had started this genocide against Humanity, which made them the perfect candidates for this role as the elite soldiers of mankind.

The Spartans camouflaged themselves perfectly, hanging branches and leaves from the olive green ACU's to break up their profiles and hide them from any prying eyes while they searched out their target, which was of unknown make, size, and location, as always. This was their final exam for the year, and they wanted to make sure that they did this right. Their rankings depended upon it. Atlantis Team was ranked second behind Pacifica Team in the Delta Company Roster. They knew what they had to do to achieve their objective. Neutralize without sustaining casualties within forty-eight hours. They'd been given nothing but a knife, two bottles of water, and a single MRE each. How they were to neutralize their objective was as always their choice which they preferred. This gave them flexibility, and they used it to their advantage. Which was why they searched at night. It was Eden's favorite time of day, she loved the dark and the cover it gave her. She was the lively one of the two, being quite a singer, she had gotten them in trouble with it before and had taken her role on the team to heart, being quite snarky and sarcastic around the other Spartans and always had a quick one liner to say behind the instructors' backs, but not behind Ambrose's back. That man had the hearing of an ONI A.I. and the Spartans dared not get on his bad side, they'd seen what had happened when Eden had tried making a snappy remark as he walked away. The massive officer had her gripped around the throat and off the ground in less than a second and had whispered something in her ear that had made her stop trying to talk behind his back.

"Blue three and four get down here," Frank-111 ordered from down below.

"Roger that," Eden-213 replied quietly, "Come on Darius," she whispered to her partner, Darius-305.

Both young Spartans squirmed their way down the pine tree, poking their faces on the sharp needles of the tree as they made their way down as stealthily as possible. Hitting the ground they went immediately into a crouch position to stay low and out of sight so they didn't poke their heads up above the brush that their heads barely breached, being only about four to five feet tall for most of

them. They were immediately greeted by the twins, Jules-271 and June-272. Both were what they would have guessed were the popular girls back at school when they had all been civies, before the Covenant had come to their worlds and killed everyone they knew. They both had the pretty faces of girls in the upper echelon of a student hierarchy and had the attitude to match and boys seemed to have the attraction to them to make them the girls that would have been used as a distraction when they went against other Spartan teams. Jules had her 18 centimeter long blonde hair tied in a tight bun as per regulations and had smeared her tanned skin with mud to better camouflage herself in the dark of the night. June wore her brunette hair in a ponytail, her hair being longer than her sister's but still in a bun as they'd made sure to do because of the habit of long hair to snag on things.

"This way," Jules said, leading the way through the small game trail carved below the bushes that the team used to their advantage.

Her blonde hair in its bun bounced as she led them to where Frank and Bryan were waiting in a ditch they had been using as their base camp and sleeping area. It was shielded by a large tree that had fallen in a bad freeze during a recent winter. The Spartans ducked inside and rolled onto the floor of the hollow dark hole and got up to make their report.

"We got a good look at it," Eden said, "A big dome in the old swamp. Not even half a click from here. There's a bunch of MP's guarding it on the perimeter with guard dogs and heat scanners."

"How many?" Frank asked, taking a mental picture of what they would be going against.

"At least fifteen. Maybe as many as twenty."

"Okay, show me their patrol pattern."

Darius nodded and grabbed a stick from off the ground cleared an area to draw out what he had seen. With the stick he sketched out a detailed and accurate map of the area between them and the target, complete with guards, their patrol patterns, water hazards, brush, grass, and trees and terrain. He finished in about five minutes, being very good at it and always the one on the team that would draw out an objective or a route.

"Looks like they have a bit of a gap here, in this little creek to the East of the objective," Jules observed, pointing a stick at the little gap between patrols.

"Or it's a ploy to draw us into a kill zone. You know how much the Chief loves doing that. It's more than likely covered by stun mines or razor wire in the water," June pointed out.

"Or it's these guys' first time and they made a rookie mistake," Bryan said quietly.

They all nodded at that, if there was one thing that they had learned was that their foes were human, just like them and so they were subject to mistakes. The young ten year old Spartans were quick to take advantage of this, and that was mainly how their team had advanced to become the second ranked team in the unit. But as the

Colonel, he himself a Spartan II, had made them sure to understand that they were a unit and rankings didn't matter to him. But rankings mattered a hell of a lot to them. Competition was what kept them all sane, especially since the training they went through day in day out was bordering on torture. They'd lost quite a few of their own in the process of their training over the last few years, and it pained them all. In fact their team was one down from most of the other teams, except Hero Team, which had lost all but one of its members in an ambush by a pack of wolves while out on patrol a few months ago. The poor guy had decided he would take on the mantle of their training in their stead, refusing to be reassigned to new team. Their own missing member had been killed a year ago in a case of bad equipment when his parachute didn't open during a High Altitude Low Open jump. It had hit them all incredibly hard, they'd all been allowed a day to grieve for his loss but the very next day they were put right back into training as if nothing had happened at all.

"So I guess we're going through the creek," Jules observed.

"Underwater insertion, lovin' this mission," Bryan grumbled.

"I'm right there with ya," Eden chimed, grinning happily.

"At least she won't be able to hum her damn songs underwater, like she did the last time," June whispered quietly to Frank.

"I heard that," Eden replied defensively, "That time it wasn't my fault it was genius here who tried to knock out one of the guards with a rotted log."

She pointed at Darius who held his hands up in defense and tersely replied back.

"It was your humming that drew him over to us made me do that in the first place! And in my defense I didn't know that thing was so rotten it would have just snapped in half when I hit him."

Bryan chuckled quietly as he watched the two argue and listened to Frank trying to get them to shut up. It was their usual routine, the two scouts, Darius and Eden would always bicker over their past missions and their mistakes and their reasons for making those mistakes while Frank tried to keep the bickering to a minimum so they didn't get caught by their trainers like the very first time they had been on a mission. Franklin vividly remembered how long it had taken for the black-eye he'd received from those MP's to fade and did not want a repeat of that.

"Shutup the both of you, we're going through that creek in groups of two, keeping watch so that if one of us does get caught the rest of the team won't be compromised," Frank said, "Bryan, you and June take point. I'll be in the center with Darius, Jules and Eden watch our six. Keep fifteen meter spacing between teams we'll head upstream and enter here," Frank said quietly but definitively, pointing at a bend in the creek where their entrance would be out of sight of the guards and dogs.

"Alright, let's go," June said crawling out of their hide quietly and into the overhanging game trail.

"See you on the other side," Bryan said, following June out as quietly as possible.

The two of them left with Frank and Darius waiting at the exit to the hide, looking out for any possible traps that could have been lying in wait for the group to exit their spot. Frank looked as best he could with his seasoned eyes his dark hair melding with the smears of dirt on his face so that the only white showing was his gray eyes. Darius's lighter hair had mud rubbed into it but was also still a brunette in color. He had his Blue eyes scanning just as carefully and his ears just as tuned to every little noise the forest might make.

"It's pretty damn quiet," Darius whispered as the point team signaled the all clear for them to move up.

"Yeah I know, but let's not dwell we've got a mission to accomplish."

"Yes oh fearless leader," Eden said sarcastically throwing up a mock salute.

The two rolled out of the hide and doggy crawled over where they had agreed the signaling point would be and where June and Bryan were already gone from, lead away by the over eager brunette twin. June and Bryan had always been an interesting pair, Bryan, the largest on the team was the exact opposite of the overly active June. While June was the one to use for decoying he was the one for stealth. June and him balanced each other out quite well. Whatever June couldn't outrun Bryan could usually take care of, but when Bryan needed a distraction June was the one to step up and take center stage, more often than not, attracting more attention than she had intended which had led to the scar she had on her back as well as the one on Bryan had across his nose and left cheek when a group of ODST's had chased them down with Mongoose ATV's and beat them until an instructor had pulled a gun on them to keep the two from being killed when a knife was unveiled. They still hadn't lost their love for being on point, in fact they treasured it even more, and wouldn't go anywhere without each other, which drew the playful teasing that came with it, the two earning the nickname 'Love Bird Team.'

"Where do you suppose June dragged them off to this time?" Frank said as he signaled the all clear to Jules and Eden as they began moving out, following the path that they had taken. In the moonlight of the chilly night they could see the slight movement of their teammates through the brush and followed them slowly, avoiding fallen branches, nuts, rocks, and leaves to stay silent and unseen. It didn't take all that long before they reached their objective, the bend in the small feeder stream that fed the large pond their objective was held in.

"We need a way to get there quietly without breaking the surface, find some of those tube plants, the ones with the hollow stems," Darius suggested calmly, looking around in the shallows where the desired plants were always growing. The team soon found them growing ten yards up stream and quietly snapped off a few for their own uses.

"We good to go?" Jules asked her squad mates, looking around in the dark waters where only the head of her friends poked out.

A bunch of thumbs shot up out of the water and Frank nodded, signaling with a quiet hand signal that meant a total noise black out for them, and they stepped off floating just under the surface with the small tubular improvised breathing apparatuses poking up out of the water a few inches. They carefully tried to not touch the bottom lest they stir up the mud and alert the guards as the mucky water floated downstream before they did. The group attempted to match the flow as well so that the straws wouldn't draw any suspicion as they floated in towards the objective. The semi clear water refracted the ghostly light, that they had taken refuge in and cast a ghostly glow through the trees that just barely enabled them to see one another from a short distance. But their eyes were not their strongest source of information in this environment, as they would soon learn.

It wasn't long before the group was soon at the entrance to the pond and they started their careful infiltration, two by two. The stealth master, Bryan, led the jumpy June through the choking channel of water that rippled on the surface as it went down a slight decline and emptied into the pond. The two tried not to tumble as they were washed into the cold deep water as the eerie silence enveloped them. Taking two rocks he picked up from the bottom he clicked them together to form an improvised signal to his team to come on through. Two taps met all clear and one meant danger. He clicked the rocks twice and his team started moving in. First came Darius and Frank who made it in without incident and then came Jules and Eden who slid into the pond but Eden lost her straw and had to retrieve it from the surface without agitating the calm water above.

But unbeknownst to them their presence had already been detected and a group of foes now closed in to extremely close proximity, all with a scary silence and professionalism that made the young Spartans' approach seem like that of a drunkard.

They began to spread out quietly and move towards the domed structure not thirty meters away and within reach. They felt the cold feeling of dread sink into their guts as they approached the most dangerous part of the mission. Paddling slowly they felt the water tremble around them as something started to stir beneath them, but this feeling only lasted a second before the sources made themselves well known to the unaware Spartans. The first one to be attacked by the invisible figures was Jules, who was heard screaming into the water as she was yanked down into the depths of the lake with bubbles trailing her rapid descent. Shortly after Jules went down the team looked down to see shapes ascending towards them rapidly. Their dark shapes barely visible in the dark water as they moved on the Spartans.

In the shining of the moonlight Frank saw his partner's feet get grabbed from below and start to get dragged down just a few yards away, and took action. Frank took one last breath and dove down, knife drawn in an attempt at helping his team mate. But he barely made it down ten feet before he felt cold gloved hands grab his arm and start to dive. Frank tried to recover, swinging his knife hand awkwardly in the water as he tried to bring it to bear. But he saw the dark arm of his attacker snatch it gracefully and twisted his arm down and to the side until he felt the hand give way and drop the knife as the pressure point was squeezed forcefully and painfully. He realigned his body to face his attacker as they continued deeper and saw the shapes of men snatching his team from the surface with

complete impunity, like a pack of sharks, grabbing them one and two at a time, his team fought back of course but it was futile. The burning of the lack of air roared in his lungs as Frank fought on, trying to kick, punch, and scratch at the cold armor and helmet of his invisible attacker. But every time he found purchase he felt the retaliatory reprisal blow of his foe land on him. He saw blood seeping from his nose as they finally touched bottom and Frank saw the ghostly shapes of other men moving about his team as he tried to wrench himself free of his attacker and reach the surface for a single breath of air which beckoned to him as the moon shimmered above it.

Frank saw the figures moving about the ranks of struggling Spartans, and every time one reached a Spartan there was a flurry of bubbles that spouted from the hands of the men and then settled as the Spartan under attack finally lay still. Frank saw Jules struggle futilely, kicking her legs out as her arms were pinned to her sides and was held in a bear hug and was finally subdued as her legs stopped their flurry of attacks. He saw the man carry her away into the dark, paddling with webbed feet and let the darkness envelop them with his team mate in his grasp. His lungs now screamed for air as he struggled with increasing desperateness as he was further subdued by the man he fought hard against. Frank felt himself twisted violently as pain shot through his arms as he was twisted around and felt the arm of his foe wrap around his neck and pin him back as a shadow descended upon him. He couldn't see any details but could see the blacked out mask descending on his face, spurting out bubbles furiously. He tried twisting his head and blood smeared the water as he fought to keep the capture mask from being attached to his face. But the mask went on quickly, just as easily as he'd been subdued.

The foul smell of the knock out agent stored inside filtered in as the water was flushed out and he was able to gulp in a huge breath of air. But he realized the mistake he had made just as his vision grew cloudy as he began feeling his extremities grow cold and numb and defy his commands to fight back. The mask stayed in place, and the grip of the man loosened a bit, just enough for Frank to manage one last kick and launch himself away and try to futilely turn to face the enemy. His vision grew dark as he grew dizzy as he tried to control his body but ended up sinking face up and saw the shimmering of the moon disappear as a dark shape covered it and a single armored had reached down to grab him. He then fell into the deep sleep the gas laced air had doomed him to.

In the water tight helmets of the opposing force the voices of the soldiers said with grim detachment to their Command and Control Center in the main training base where Chief Mendoza and the titanic figure of the CO, Colonel Ambrose.

"Targets neutralized, objective secured, over."

"Roger that," Mendoza replied, nodding grimly.

"These guys know their stuff, even if they have been phased out," Ambrose said quietly.

"As the predecessors of the ODST's they can do everything they do and then some. I'm not surprised," Chief said, looking at the timer on the computer, "Now Atlantis Team has about ten hours to come to and

get loose so they can accomplish their objective."

"They'll do it, they're Spartans."

****Next Chapter Preview: Who are these 'shadows' that attacked Atlantis Team? Find out next Chapter. ****

3. Chapter 2: Escape

"_You will be the first of a new type of Spartan, the only ones of your kind. You will learn to use the water as your friend, your tool, your weapon. You will be the Sea Spartans."_

****Chapter Two****

****Planet Onyx, Zeta Doradus System****

****August 24, 2540****

****0530 Hours, Local Time****

The slap of water against their faces awoke the team from their drug induced sleep as the sun began to horizon began to glow with the warm radiating energy of the sun. Birds chirped occasionally, and frogs and bugs croaked and chirped away, filling the swamp with noise. But that wasn't comforting at all for the six Spartans tied to wooden stakes in the middle of foot deep water. Their wrists were tightly tied with industrial strength zip ties and were wrenched behind their backs with the rough wooden stakes separating their bodies and hands from touching. Their ankles were bound just as tightly, tied down to rebar pounded into the swamp mud so that they couldn't even budge from their spots. Their clothes were still rather soaked from getting splashing against their faces in an effort by someone to wake them up.

"Wake up little runts," a rough but familiar voice said from behind them.

Shaking the water from their faces they wrenched their necks in an effort to see the person who had spoken to them. Eden turned and saw the familiar old angry face of the resident torture expert, Gunney Hoss, an ODST who had taken it upon himself to become the worst nightmare of every Spartan that ever lived, only Colonel Ambrose and the Chief seemed to have no fear of the man. Eden smiled and piped up, beaming in a friendly manner, she had nickname that got under the man's nerves every time she had the misfortune of being caught by an enemy team and brought before him.

"How's it goin' Horse?" she said, getting the classic burnt red angry face that she had grown to know from a mile away.

"Not you again," the man said walking up to them from the shore. Water sloshed around his boots which added to his already angry demeanor as he did not want to get wet. He walked all the way up to Eden and stood in front of her with his arms crossed across his armored chest.

"So what'll it be? Tactical information that I won't tell you? Strategic? Or if I know any good bars in town?" Eden chanted loudly,

but only got a very quick and brutal blow across the cheek from a back handed slap.

"You never shut up do you?" he said, grabbing her roughly by the jaw, letting a dabble of blood escape from her mouth onto his gloved hand. But instead of answering she simply snapped her head back and clamped down on his fingers. He howled in pain from the nasty bite to the unprotected portion of his hands. He finally yanked his hand out of Eden's mouth.

"You littleâ€¦!" he brought his fist back and punched down, Eden's head snapped from the blow, and the armor on his hand cut deeply into her right temple all the down to her chin. The ODST, still quite angry yanked out a half used roll of duct tape and tore off a strip. Kneeling down to the now bleeding Spartan he yanked her neck length black hair back, slapped the duct tape down, part of it peeling as it made contact with the slippery blood now pouring from the nasty cut on her temple. Her blue eyes now blazed with anger at the ODST as he smirked to himself, satisfied, and moved on down the line.

"Gunnery Sergeant!" a stern young voice called over the sloshing of the man's boots.

"What do you want frog?" the man said with quite a bit of indignation.

"That's Captain to you coffin rider," the unseen officer said making the Spartans look at one another's bloody faces in curiosity at who would stand up to an ODST face to face, "That'll be enough. These prisoners are under our jurisdiction, we caught them and we interrogate them as we see fit. Now get the fuck out of here."

The ODST glared daggers at the Spartans and trudged off towards the bank and the officer who had yelled at him. They heard hushed tones behind them as whoever it was they were now thankful for dressed down the angry nemesis to the Spartans and the ODST returned every little jab at himself with an equally heated sentence of his own. While that was happening the Spartans now were busy concocting a plan to get loose from their bad spot. It wasn't the first time that they had been in this spot and they had an idea of how to get loose. They were all side by side in the water, with their backs turned to the shore so their bindings could be seen by their captors. But with the argument going on behind them they could now see that they had an opportunity to get loose.

"June, you have that hair knife?" Darius said calmly and quietly without turning his head.

"Always," she replied, and began to rub her now messy bun of dark hair against the wooden stake and heard the satisfactory splash of the tiny razor blade falling into the water next to her left hand and felt for it in the mud until the metal was firmly in her hand. She began working on the ties with quick efficiency and in less than ten seconds the ties were gone and she handed it off to Jules who worked on her ties as well. June then pulled out the blade in her socks and cut off the ankle bindings and then returned to her upright bound position. It didn't take long, soon every member of the team was unbound and good to go, but Eden still had to keep the duct tape pressed to her mouth, lest they draw any suspicion.

"Quietly move out," Frank ordered, carefully getting up and looking behind them to see a man in very similar armor to an ODS but with a dark blue and black digital camouflage on the plates and under suit which seemed to be streamlined and water resistant to the one the ODS next to him wore. A small rebreather on his back slightly bulged out and the tubing hung around the neck of the man who was still in a very tense argument with Gunney Hoss with their backs turned. An odd looking weapon that seemed to be a modification of an SMG was in his hands and that was all the Spartans needed to see to turn and quietly get out of there. In a few short seconds they were into the bush again, and back to square one.

"What now?" Eden asked tearing off the duct tape that was coated with blood on one side as the stream stained her shirt a deep red and then brown as it dried.

"We'll need a new plan first off. Those guys can just snatch us anytime they want if we go water borne again," Jules put in.

Everyone nodded at that. This was the first time that they had been taken on in their own element, the water. Up until now the Spartans had been completely free from capture unless they broke the surface and revealed themselves or if stun grenades were tossed into the water and they were stunned by the blast and fished out with hooks which left small circular scars on many of their brothers and sisters. But these new soldiers in blue and black were an unpleasant hiccup in their plans. Now they would have to find a way to take out their objective without exposing themselves. They knew they were safe from capture in the deep brush where they knew every niche in the trails and water ways. But their objective wasn't there. It was in the water, where they couldn't go.

"So what do we do?" Bryan said, speaking what was on everyone's mind at that moment.

"I don't know, but we only have two hours to do it."

They settled down to begin thinking of a way to get to the dome and take it out. Taking the dome out was the easy part, if there was one thing they had all learned is that there were many ways to break things. And something as big as a dome in the middle of a small lake was a recipe book of potential solutions. Each of them thought up every type of solution imaginable, only to have every idea struck down by their team mates once they considered it. They knew there was one way into the dome and that was a small dock that led into a small port hole with something inside but behind the black exterior they were blind as to what it was. But they were confident that once there they'd be able to break it. They knew there were guards and dogs, which they could handle alright.

"What about their vehicles?" June said, perking up.

"Yeah, we saw some Mongoose parked under a cypress tree by the lake. We can jump the distance and get to the dock and get in. It should be easy from there. Depending on if those water troops are even there."

"That might work," Frank said, lightening up now that they had a plan to work off of.

"Yeah, June and I can create a distraction and draw the guards into brush while you guys nab us a couple vehicles and you can pick us up and we take the jump off of that overhang the objective is closest to," Eden put in.

"I guess we're stealing UNSC property," Bryan grumbled.

"Again," Jules agreed.

It wasn't the first time they had stolen something that they probably shouldn't have. After all, they were the team who had managed to bash their way into an enemy base by stealing and driving a Scorpion tank right through the gate house then off of a small cliff because they had no clue how to drive the thing and when they needed to stop June had just accelerated, ramming through a wooden bunk house and then running the tank off of the small thirty foot cliff the base was situated on. The tank was wrecked and June spent a week in the infirmary but they accomplished their objective.

The team now began concocting a plan designed to steal a pair of ATV's to just ram them into the dome. A simple plan, but it was all they had. So the Spartans decided to work with it regardless. Splitting up into two teams, the rabbits being June and Eden who would basically run through the perimeter in an attempt to draw the guards away from the objectives and then the second team would grab the objectives and pick up the rabbits and proceed to drive the Mongooses all the up a slight incline that would allow them to jump into the dome given enough speed and if they didn't get shot first.

June and Eden ran off towards the woods' edge as the teams separated by a god twenty meters so that neither one would compromise the other. Settling down both groups took in their surroundings and formulate the knitty gritty aspects of the attack. June and Eden decided that they were going to run along a road where they would be able to be picked up and then circle round to make the jump. They were faster than any guards and some dogs but they couldn't rely exclusively on that. They'd have to trust in luck that they would make it to where they would need to be and that they would be picked up by their team mates. The other team began to crawl forward under the cloak of thick poking thorn bushes that made up the scrub between them and the Mongooses that were just within reach under the shade of a large cypress tree. It didn't take long before all hell broke loose and the rabbits made themselves known.

"Hey ya fellas," Eden yelled running and waving her arms. Blood shining in the light of the rising sun.

"Come on, you guys need to wake up it's six in the morning!" June taunted, seeing how slow and groggy the guards were at this late of a time.

"There they are, let's get 'em!" an over-eager officer said, pulling out a Magnum loaded with chemical stun rounds. The red bullets splattered on the trees behind the quick Spartans as the whole platoon of guards took off after the pair of girls who took off at full tilt down the dirt road with the slower MP's and dogs right on their tails.

Taking advantage of their opening the rest of the team hopped to their feet bursting through the thorns, cutting their ACU's and sprinted towards the ATV's. Darius was the first to hop onto one of the vehicles and immediately revved it up, with Jules starting her vehicle right behind him as Frank hopped onto the back of her Mongoose as Bryan ran to get onto Darius' ride as they began to take off. They settled in as they floored the snappy vehicles down the dirt road towards the gaggle of guards that were working harder than they had in months to catch the quick Spartans.

The honking of the Mongooses' horn alerted them that there were vehicles coming up from behind and parted to allow them through, thinking that they were theirs. But when the small ATV's screamed on by they were shocked to see the small figures of Spartans on the vehicles. Jules turned to weave around Eden to the left and then slammed on the breaks, turning the handles as hard as she could, Frank leaned into the turn, grabbing hold of her hips to steady himself as they drifted to face the two Spartans on foot who began to change direction in an attempt to get onto the speedy vehicles. Frank reached out grabbing Eden's outstretched hand and pulled her up and onto the vehicle, allowing Jules to floor it right at the crowd of shocked guards who were by now firing desperately to take out the Spartans coming at them. But none of their bullets impacted flesh but many hit the front of the leading Mongoose staining it red. The follow up Mongoose swerved and picked up June as it drifted. She stopped and grabbed the handle bars on the back of the vehicle but as she did a stun round slammed into her hand, numbing it and making her let go.

"Oh no!" she yelped falling back. As the vehicle started to accelerate.

But at the last instant a firm hand grabbed her by the wrist and yanked her down as another flurry of stun rounds soared over their heads. She bent over the bars to avoid the incoming fire as Darius floored it through the crowd which parted like the Red Sea at the incoming vehicles driven like mad by the young Spartans. June managed to hop over the bar and wrap her numb and disabled hand around Bryan's waist to keep from falling and dug her face into his back to avoid the dust kicked up by the vehicle in front of them.

"You okay?" Bryan yelled over the loud engine as they wove their way back to the lake.

"I'm alright, thanks for the save Bryan," June responded.

"Don't mention it," he responded.

The two Mongooses took all of a minute to round the corner into the clearing and see their objective starting to sink. They looked at one another and all resigned themselves to what needed to be done. Jules twisted the accelerator and felt the wheels spin as the Mongoose responded to her command and accelerated towards the small hill.

"High ho Silver, away!" Eden sang as they began to soar towards the hill at break neck speeds. They all felt themselves tighten their grips around the person in front of them as they ascended the hill.

Time seemed to slow for them in that instant as the wheels of the ATV's left the ground and flew straight towards the black dome. The sun shining on the glass seemed to be shinier than normal, the water sparkled like a diamond, the air seemed to lick at their faces as they all soared like eagles then started to fall like rocks. In the very last instant Jules ducked her head to the side as the Mongoose was about to hit the glass. The four hundred pound vehicle slammed into the tough glass spider webbing the glass before the weight and speed shattered the glass and the Mongoose fell through at a much decreased speed with its partner right next to it. The vehicles and their passengers hurled themselves into the tile floor and bounced up and onto the ground. The wrecks of the vehicles rebounded off of the dome, cracking it and forcing water to start to seep in from the cracks in the composite. There were no men or guns defending the interior of the dome, which was just an empty shell with a small lit pole in the middle of the room that glowed a dark red on the tip of the metal. Getting up shakily the team looked around, seeing their scratched and bruised team mates had made it alright. Blood trailed from cuts on their bodies and faces from the shattering of the glass and the scratching of the thorns along with the fighting against their recent foes.

"Everyoneâ€|everyone alright?" Frank asked, gripping his side painfully.

"Not really," Jules said, limping over, tendering her left leg.

"I've been better," Bryan added, helping up Eden, whose cut only seemed to get worse as it left drips where she had been laying down.

"Is this it?" Eden piped up, pointing at the pole in the room.

"I guess so," Darius said.

The team walked over suspiciously and thought a long moment before Frank reached out and pulled the pole up. The red light changed instantly once it left its holster to a dark green. The team looked around at each other with pretty surprised expressions that this was all they had to do. Nothing to this point had been all that easy, there must have been some kind of twist or surprise in store for them.

"Good work Cadets," the voice of Chief Mendez piped up over speakers in the domed room, "Return to Base."

"I guess it was that simple," June said, smiling at the relief the words 'return to base' brought.

They felt the door to the dome open and they walked out into the rising sun, letting the warm rays bathe them in radiating warmth that they relished in, letting the water and sweat evaporate and dry their clothes as the bridge built into the dock started to extend back towards shore and they walked out towards shrubs of shore to enjoy the long trip back to base.

Back at base the atmosphere was not even close to the one displayed by the ten year old Spartans. Ambrose, or as a select few knew him as, Kurt-051, was on the verge of killing someone in a rage at what

had transpired not a few minutes ago on the radio with a squad of ODST's nearby that had taken part in the exercise with Atlantis Team.

"Those damned Helljumpers aren't responding sir," Chief said concerned, watching the visuals from the Hoot-Owl Drone come in, showing the squad of very angry and very dangerous ODST's sneaking up on the Spartans as they made their way home.

"Chief, take over, I'm going out there," Kurt said, turning to leave.

"Roger that sir."

The massive Spartan turned and sprinted out of the command building and straight towards his own quarters on the other side of the base. He covered the half mile of ground in less than thirty seconds and was soon at his quarters' hidden locker. He opened it, revealing the massive suit of MJOLNIR Mk IV armor that he had fought in for years against the Covenant and Insurrectionists. In less than a minute he had the components sealed onto his body and was out the door. Officers and Enlisted alike stared in awe as the seven foot armored Spartan took off towards the swamp where his charges were in great danger. And he knew it, but he might be too late. The plates of the armor turned and overlapped seamlessly as he charged through the roads at breakneck speeds that would have surpassed that of a Warthog at the required speed limit on this road, the trees of the swamp enveloped him as he barreled through it all following the IFF's of the Spartan III's marching back to base, and the closing in on another group of IFF's that were those of the ODST's hell-bent on attacking the Spartan trainees. But then Kurt saw another group of IFF's, it was these IFF's that had him worried, because he had no idea who they were. They could be more ODST's that would not hesitate to attack the Spartans if they caught them without any escorts or they could have been those new arrivals that had taken part in the training last night.

Either way, Kurt needed to be there.

"You guys hear something?" Darius said, speaking over the chatting of his team mates as they walked along the lake shore towards base.

"No, why?" June said, looking around.

"That's just it. No birds, no frogs, just us."

At that moment a dozen black armored figures stood up to the right of the Spartans, aiming their SMG's at the Spartans' legs. Pain followed the popping of the silenced nonlethal weapons as soon as they aimed at them. Red stains dotted their legs as they collapsed to the ground from the stun rounds impacting their legs to disable them yet keep them conscious. The team fell into the mud and water, helpless to resist as the gloating angry ODST's descended upon them with a cruel sense of duty to put them through as much pain as physically possible. Each of them squirmed to get onto their feet, and tried to fight back. Darius was struck in the head by the butt of a rifle and fell to the mud, blood trailing from his brow. Frank tried to block one punch as he was dragged up by an ODST gripping him by the shirt and throwing a blow towards his face. But received a kick to his sore

ribs for resisting. June was knocked unconscious when she staggered to her feet and was slugged across the face by a vicious and deadly hit from a pistol whip. Bryan tried everything he could, from throwing rocks at any ODS'T that came near to fighting with his own two hands, but a pair of the commandoes teamed up on him and started to beat him severely, blood trailing into the water. Jules was kicked in the chest when she tried to get up and was shocked by the sparking end of an electro staff and convulsed on the ground from the powerful shock. A pair of ODS'T's dragged Eden to the water and started dunking her head into the water as she attempted to resist, but one minute she sees the untouched beauty of nature in front of her right before she is sent into the water again. She felt her lungs start to scream for air before her hair is yanked back painfully and she is brought to the surface. Then, the water seemed to erupt as dark blue and black figures rose from the murky waters, weapons raised.

"Stand down!" they yelled over the speakers on their ODS'T-like helmets. The black visors hid their faces from view but the Spartans could tell from that one sentence that these guys were pissed.

"Make us!" an ODS'T replied letting go of Eden's hair and stood fully upright.

The soldiers emerging from the water bore a striking resemblance to the ODS'T's both in their weaponry and in their armor, except for a few modifications and the colorations they were identical. But they now stood at odds with each other, face to face they aimed their weapons at each other ready to fight. There were twelve ODS'T's against an equal number of these new guys, and the ODS'T's were by now ready to fight anyone who got between them and Atlantis Team. But these men seemed to be ready to oblige them with the fight they so desired.

"When will you ODS'T's learn? You can't beat your masters, you can't beat SEAL's."

****Next Chapter Preview: SEAL's vs ODS'T's the fight of the ages? We'll see.****

4. Chapter 3: The SEAL's

"_Just because something is big and obvious does not automatically make it your target, your target could be as large a planet or as small a needle, it's up to you to figure it out Spartans. That is what will make you the best." _

****Chapter 3****

****Planet Onyx, Zeta Doradus System****

****August 24, 2540****

****0745 Hours, Local Time****

The tension in the air was so thick not even a plasma torch could have cut it. Here were two of the oldest rivals in the UNSC, facing off right before the Spartans' eyes. Each of them, a masterpiece of armored military knowledge and skill. The dark blue soldiers known as the UNSC Navy SEALs were positioned at the water's edge, having risen

from the depths like the human sea creatures they were and had positioned themselves to face off against one of their orbital counter parts, the ODS'T's.

"I don't care about beating the absolute shit out of you SEAL's," one of the leading ODS'T's said, "But I do care about killing you, looks very bad on my record, so let's settle this as we always have," he said confidently, dropping both his SMG and his pistol.

"Fine, one of the SEAL's responded, "we need everyone we can get to fight the Covies, so let's settle this here and now. Rough and tumble, no holds barred."

The ODS'T's dropped their weapons gladly, knowing at such close range that even their stun weapons could kill. And the SEAL's walked up and tossed their own weapons aside and raised their fists, and so it began. The ODS'T's made the first move, charging into the SEAL's without much of a plan, they ignored the downed members of Atlantis Team as they rushed to make the sure the SEAL's knew who the top dogs of the Special Forces were. The fight was nothing short of breath taking. Armored bodies slammed into one another, knocking each other into the water, sending waves of water jetting up as the expertly trained Special Forces operators fought like the devil to beat one another senseless. The SEAL's seemed to take the advantage, expertly landing precise blows into the helmets of the ODS'T diehards who seemed to have no appreciable respect for anything other than their own branch. The cracks of armored fists upon helmets and chest plates rang out loudly as the Spartans finally got their bearings.

"You guys okay?" Frank whispered, crawling over to Jules and June.

June was completely out cold, her hair caked with mud and stained with the blood of a bad cut on the back of her head that turned the water puddle her head rested in pink. Jules sat next to her sister, still daze beyond the point of being able to coherently move or talk. Darius crawled over to June along with Bryan who was quite well beaten, as blood ran down his face from several blows that had cut into his face. His nose might have been broken, but he didn't even pay it any mind as he maneuvered his way past the fighting commandoes which just never seemed to stop. They flopped around, crashing into one another with merciless rage and tried pounding one another into complete bloody pulps. The ODS'T's were clearly outmatched in the watery environment as the SEAL's threw them around like rag dolls, and proceeded to fight in their own turf. This gave the Spartans the opening they needed, and they attempted to take it.

"We need to get the Hell out of here," Darius piped up, watching the battle unfold.

"Wait, where's Eden?"

"There!"

Jules pointed to the lying down figure of Eden who was in quite a bit of water as she watched the battle unfold all around her. She looked to be waiting to make a move but the masses of men and armor around her were preventing her making a break for her team on land.

"Eden come on!" Frank yelled at his team mate waving her over.

Eden saw him and popped up, running at them as fast as she could in the shallow water and had to dodge around the battling ODS'T's and SEAL's as the SEAL's seemed to gain a definite advantage, taking the ODS'T's to the ground and holding their black helmets underwater and slamming their knees into the ODS'T's throats with the intention of strangling the commandoes into unconsciousness. Eden dodged a SEAL lifting an ODS'T over their shoulder and slamming them into the water resulting in a large splash and a flurry of punches aimed at dislodging the scrappy SEAL and the SEAL was kicked in the helmet and nearly knocked Eden down as he fell back into the water and the ODS'T jumped down on top of him. Each of the Spartans watched Eden bob and weave through the masses of troops, barely avoiding being caught in the crossfire herself until she reached the shrubs that her team was lying in, trying to stay out of the way while the ODS'T's were distracted. She slid down next to and almost on top of Bryan as she tripped over a log on stuck in the ground and rolled in front of Frank.

"Reporting as ordered."

The group grinned for a split second, pleased to hear that her sense of humor was far from gone. But then they settled back into the mindset of what was happening around them.

"We need to get June out of here, she's hurt bad," Frank ordered, "Bryan you and Darius take her arms and carry her out," the two boys nodded in understanding and positioned themselves by the unconscious Spartan, "Eden, you and Jules are on point, clear a path if the terrain is bad. I'll hold off any ODS'T's that try and come after us."

"Let's move," Darius sternly commanded, grabbing June's left arm and wrapping it around his shoulder and stood up as Bryan did the same.

The two male Spartans quickly held her up, but her feet didn't even attempt to hold their own weight and dragged idly as the Spartans started to make a break for it. The two girls ran ahead making sure the coast was clear and cleared or marked any hazardous terrain that they would have to navigate. Frank turned and watched with a feeling of amazement as the fight behind them continued.

The ODS'T's were by now getting their asses handed to them. The SEAL's had them on the ropes, throwing them to the ground and yanking them below water where their own training came into play. But a single titanic ODS'T was not playing by the rules, as a pair of SEAL's charged him he yanked out a knife and sliced at one of the blue and black armored men, cutting into his abdomen, blood began to seep from the water tight armor as the man collapsed into the water, his team mate right there next to him, ready to apply first aid. But the ODS'T had other plans, he turned and saw that the young Spartans were making a break for the woods and that he was the last of his squad not being dragged to the depths. He ran to where the ODS'T's had dropped their stun weapons and pulled out a pistol and started running at the Spartans, intent on doing real damage.

"Run! One of them got loose!" Frank yelled, turning to run towards his squad but as he turned he felt the painful strike of a chemical round plowing into his back. He fell to the ground, writhing in pain,

unable to move. He saw the shadow of the ODST walking up on him, and aiming his weapon at his head. Frank shut his eyes, aware of what was coming, at the five feet away that weapon would kill him the same way as a real gun would, and this ODST knew it. But luck was on his side.

"No!" the voice of Jules called out, Frank opened his eyes to see the small figure of June charge the man, wielding a large branch and connected with the ODST's left knee, making him collapse to one knee. She brought the branch over her head and was about to strike again but then the man snapped his arm up, connecting with a brutal fist to her jaw, sending her sprawling to the ground. Blood poured from her mouth as she rolled not a yard from Frank as he watched helplessly.

"Jules!" he yelled, seeing her very much hurt. But she just reached her hand out weakly and grasped onto Frank's outstretched hand and smiled, as if to say_, it's okay_.

Frank looked back to see the ODST aiming his weapon at the two Spartans and preparing to pull the trigger. This was it, after all he'd been through, this was how he would meet his end. To come so far, to have sacrificed and to have lost everything he had held dear he would die at the hands of a fellow human who was supposed to be there to train him. But instead he would kill him and Jules, Eden, June, Bryan, and Darius without so much as a bye or leave. So this was it.

"Nighty night kid."

As he pulled the trigger the most astounding thing happened. First the feeling of the bullet hitting and fracturing his skull never happened. Frank about panicked, he thought that he had killed Jules first, he couldn't stand the sight of his team mate, his friend being killed before his eyes. But he couldn't help it, he turned his head, thinking he would see the dead face of Jules laying limply on the ground, still grasping his hand. But what he saw both thrilled him and stumped him. She was still very much alive, and was staring straight up, looking in awe at the sight above them. Frank turned his eyes to the sky but only saw it blacked out by an enormous armored figure in dull olive green armor grasping the barrel of the ODST's pistol, and then crushed it in the blink of an eye. Red chemical stun round leaked from the black hand as it yanked the pistol away and then, faster than either Spartan could comprehend, punched the ODST right in the visor. The man's body went flying, splashing into the water amongst the battling soldiers stopping the fight instantly.

"What the?" one of the ODST said out loud, seeing his comrade limp and near death in the water next to him a massive fist shaped dent in the helmet. They all turned to see the seven foot figure of the Spartan who had come to the rescue of the young IV's.

"ODST's you're done. Get off my planet, and take that piece of shit with you," the voice of Kurt boomed out, loud and angry at the defiant troopers.

"Commander?" Frank asked, unable to believe his eyes. Standing before him was the hero of the UNSC, a Spartan.

"Squad Leader, a Pelican is on its way. Prepare your squad, SEAL's go with them. I have some unfinished business here."

Turning to the still defiant ODST's the Spartan took powerful steps towards them and clenched his fists in preparation for what he knew needed to be done. The SEAL's walked out of the water and gathered their weapons and hustled over to the disabled Spartans, passing the massive armored figure, saluting as they passed. The Spartan paid them no mind instead he continued on with his single minded purpose of doing something that the Spartan Corp should have done long ago.

"You don't want to see this Cadets," the lead SEAL said to them as he picked up the small figure of Jules up off the ground. Another pair gently lifted Frank from the ground and carried the two over to where the other Spartans were standing and looking after the still unconscious June. A trio of SEAL's hustled over, pulling out a stretched from one of their pack and unfolded it, seeing the dire condition the ODST's had put the young Spartan in.

"Whatâ€¦what's going on?" they heard her mumble as she came to when a needle was stuck in her skin.

"You don't wanna know."

"What?" June asked again, regaining her composure seeing the figures of the SEAL's surrounding the Spartans, "Did we get captured again?"

"Not exactly."

****Next Chapter Preview: How to kidnap a Spartan.****

5. Chapter 4: Kidnapped

****Well here's to another chapter for the story, sorry that it took me so long but I had to juggle college, the Corp of Cadets, family, and friends in a very stressful time. But I managed to get this done, so here we are my friends. Another Chapter, enjoy.****

****Chapter 4****

****Planet Onyx, Zeta Doradus System****

****August 24, 2540****

****0815 Hours, Local Time****

The Pelican ride was in a word, awkward. The SEAL's seemed to never speak to them, and all they did was look around at the group of Spartans and at one another. They might have been speaking to each other over their radios so that they weren't able to hear the conversation. IT was almost too much for the Spartans, especially Eden.

"Who are you guys?" she spoke up suddenly.

"Eden!" Bryan snapped at her, having disturbed the peace with a direct question, something no Spartan was ever supposed to do.

"It's alright kid, we're wondering the same thing," one of the men replied suddenly.

"You're wondering who we are?" Jules responded.

"That's right, for one; why were those ODS'T's going to kill you? That's normally bullshit they try against us."

The Spartans looked around at each other in stunned silence, they had no idea of the Spartan/ODST rivalry?

"What have you been living under a rock?" Eden responded rather rudely, which made the whole cabin of troopers actually chuckle at her audacity.

"Well we haven't heard much from the other service branches, and we're the first SEAL's to ever meet Spartans. So yeah, you could say that," a woman piped up from the entrance to the Pelican.

"SEAL's," Darius breathed, wrapping his mind around the connotation of the word, "Sea Air and Land. You're them? The oldest Spec Ops branch in the UNSC?"

The SEAL's nodded, allowing the Spartans a quick bit of satisfaction at what Darius had guessed. They were not the normal style of instructors that they were used to, normally men of their standing would beat the Spartans into pulp if they had the chance. But these men were at least fair with the Spartans, and it was an almost unknown occurrence for anyone to be fair with them.

"Why were those ODS'T's gunning for you? I mean, one tried cutting you with a knife for the love of God!" Frank asked, allowing his pent up curiosity to take over.

"The ODS'T's replaced our branch as the premier Spec Ops unit in the UNSC, and they try to remind us of that every time we meet. Whether it be at a bar or on the battlefield it always boils down to a fight. Ever since the beginning of the ODS'T's, when we trained them, it's been like that."

"Well, they do the same to us, except they try to make sure that we never see the front," Darius said quietly.

"So I saw," their leader responded in understanding.

It was at that moment that the other SEAL's in the Pelican began nodding their heads at something they'd apparently been told. The Spartans wouldn't have been suspicious if two hadn't happened right after that. First thing that happened was the hatch into the Pelican shut tight, locking in place so that it was air tight. The second thing that happened was that the SEAL's shifted in their seats, looking the Spartans over in a different way, their visors showed no emotions and their body posture tightened up as they prepared.

_Prepared for what? _Frank asked himself, watching one of the SEAL's leaning towards his weapon next to the still unconscious June. The other Spartans began to look around and felt themselves being targeted. They crowded together for safety until the final clue

showed itself.

"Strap yourselves in back there we're accelerating to escape velocity," the cabin speakers spoke up.

In that moment, the SEAL's stood up and converged on the Spartans who stood up to face the SEAL's as one entity.

"Oh no you don't!" Jules snarled, having figured out the plan these SEAL's were obviously in on.

"Sit down, don't want you getting hurt," one of the SEAL's said.

The SEAL's raised their weapons to the Spartans' faces in the blink of an eye and steadied themselves for a fight they knew was coming. It would have made no difference if the rounds in those chambers were stun rounds or live rounds they would have killed them all the same way. The SEAL's clearly didn't want to do it and the Spartans knew that even if they subdued the SEAL's who outnumbered and out matched the five able bodied Spartans they couldn't get off the Pelican. They had no idea how to get it down without killing themselves along with where they were. No, they had no choice.

Frank nodded to the others who backed away hands in the air so they posed no threat. Each of them had a SEAL bring their hands behind their back and cuffed their wrists together as a precaution. They were then sat into the seats against the bulkhead and were securely fastened into place.

"Sorry about this kid," the SEAL fastening Jules said quietly.

"You will be," she hissed angrily.

"All set?" the pilot asked as if nothing were wrong.

"We're good back here," the SEAL CO said back, fastening himself into the Pelican.

"Hang on."

Just like that the Pelican shot straight up into the air and accelerated into space. The whole cabin was pinned back in their seats as they were hit by very powerful G-Forces. Even June was pulled out of unconsciousness by the forces exerted on them all. But soon enough it was over and the Pelican slowed and seemed to maneuver. The Spartans deciphered this to mean that they were landing aboard a ship of some sort, which meant they were leaving Onyx and their Spartan brothers and sisters.

"Hey what the Hell are you doing?!" Eden finally said as the SEAL's got up and started to get them up out of their seats.

They remained silent as each Spartan had two SEAL's grab their arms and stand them up. June was laid gently onto the stretcher by the SEAL medic who took then took her hands and zip-tied them to the stretcher. Her eyes then began to light up in realization. They were being kidnapped! She struggled against the binds on her wrists, frustrating the medic who still felt that she wasn't in too good of health.

"Hold still! You're only making your concussion worse!"

Frank shot a look to Darius who returned the look with a nod and stopped in his tracks as the SEAL's reached up to open the door as the Pelican settled down wherever it was. The door hissed as its hydraulic gears began turning and opened the door. The heavy armored plated hatch lowered and revealed that the Spartans were aboard a ship, a small one as well. Jules dug her heels into the deck plating and resisted the push of the men behind her. They started pushing back, being more forceful this time, as she did that the other Spartans began to do the same thing, Darius dug his heels in and leaned back against the SEAL's and tried to sit himself down like a stubborn donkey. Eden ducked suddenly and twisted away, managing to twist herself behind the SEAL's quickly and started to playfully play a game of cat and mouse with them. Bryan twisted around and tried to bull-rush one of the SEAL's and successfully put himself in a position to make a break for it. Frank himself went for a more direct approach, he lashed out with his right leg and kicked the left knee of one SEAL who buckled and dropped to a knee from the sudden hit and let go of Frank's arm. Frank then tried to repeat his success with the second SEAL but instead he found himself lifted off the ground and slammed into the deck.

"That's enough kidâ€¦" the man hissed, but was soon hit from the side by a still cuffed Spartan, Bryan. They both rolled on the ground as two SEAL's tried to jump at Bryan and restrain him. Frank then rolled to his feet and tried to run at the SEAL's trying to manhandle Bryan into submission. His feet were tripped up from behind and he fell forward onto his face, smacking his head on the deck plating, he felt blood start to seep from his mouth but he paid it no mind and shoved the pain in his head away. He kicked back and connected solidly with the visor of the man behind him giving him another opportunity to get up. But as he did he was tripped over by Eden who was running around the cabin like a cat running from a pack of dogs.

"Whoa, whoa!" she yelled as she fell over onto her butt and saw the SEAL's charging towards her.

She saw the men dive at her and then felt them pin her down to the ground. She started kicking and screaming at them, none too pleased to be pinned down the way she was. Darius kept pushing back and leaning like a tree threatening to tip over and when he had calculated his captors were pushing back hard enough Darius dove forward, allowing the SEAL's to fall flat on their faces. He rolled into the back of the legs of Jules's handlers and knocked them to the ground right on top of her. But they both realized that they had fallen right out into the middle of a hanger and the cramped confines of the Pelican were now gone and the size and numbers of the SEAL's would win. Each of the Spartans was practically strangled by a hood tied around their heads and tightened at the neck, plunging them all into blindness, not something they enjoyed. Then again they weren't exactly on a pleasure cruise.

"That's enough!" a loud voice boomed out, as they were finally subdued by the SEAL's in the Pelican.

"Captain sir," the SEAL's sounded off.

"Take 'em to the cryo room. Freeze 'em up," the man said, unseen behind the veil of their black hoods.

They were forced forward, struggling the whole way, fighting as they'd been taught to fight whenever they had nothing to lose. It was arduous for all involved, at first the SEAL's tried carrying them, but the sheer ferocity of their kicking and screaming proved to be too much and they moved on to a different strategy. They tried to drag them all holding them under the armpits of their uniforms like a heavy bag of rocks with more success. They made it into the tiny cryogenic pod bay and were wrestled into each pod, one at a time. But when they came to June and started to undo the binds on the stretcher she jumped up off the stretcher and started running wild. She ran for the door, blazing out past a pair of technicians who dodged her trying not to spill their box load of tools in the process. She soon found that there was nowhere to go as doors slid shut before she could slide under them. Behind her she saw a trio of SEAL's aiming their weapons at her and she backed away against the hatch and did all she could to try and open it, going as far as to try and rip off the console next to the door.

"It's over," one of them said, lowering his weapon.

"It's alright," a woman said stepping forward, hand out, trying to simply coax June into submission.

"No way!" she yelled back, assuming her fighting stance, much to the regret of the SEAL's.

"Well, sorry about this," one said.

He stepped back and brought his silenced weapon up to aim right at her chest and pulled the trigger. The hard hitting round hit her right in the chest from barely fifteen meters away. She was thrown back into the locked hatch and collapsed as the chemicals in the stun round knocked her out like a light. She tried to fight it, but it was too much for her small body, it simply wasn't meant to take the pounding she had just gotten hit by and she fell to the deck as the SEAL walked over and carried her back to the cryo room where her comrades were now frozen in the in the cryogenic ice.

"All hands stand by for jump into slipspace, next stop Earth."

Well, there we are. Another Chapter down, and the plot now thickens.

**Next Chapter Preview: The Spartans meet the Pacific Ocean, and meet the UNSC "Wet Navy." **

6. Chapter 5: The Ocean Blue

Here we are, as you can see, I'm not quite done with this story, I've just had other things on my mind. So without further ado, here's the next chapter, enjoy.

Chapter 5

Planet Earth, Sol System

September 1, 2540

1330 Hours

The Spartans of Atlantis Team weren't very happy campers when they woke up from their frosty sleep in the cryo chamber of the ONI Prowler they'd been kidnapped in. Their whole minds had been swimming in thoughts of how to get out of the clutches of the men and women who had kidnapped them. These Spartans knew what the consequences of this particular act could be if they were caught. This was many things, kidnapping, interfering with a Spartan Deployment, treason, conspiracy, and God knew what else. So these kids were ready to come out of their cryo tubes swinging at the enemy, as they now took them for, who now prepared to open up their clear glass tubes.

"Alright, we're here," was the first thing that was heard when they opened up their cryo tubes.

The Spartans came out, dropping to their hands and knees as they coughed up the vitamin filled gunk that was shoved down their throats during a cryo process. Their bodies ached from being sore from brutal punishment and fighting from their last conscious encounter. It had been three weeks since they had been conscious and they were still sore, but having time stop for you does that.

As they finally got their bearings they were roughly dragged to their feet by different soldiers than the ones that had kidnapped them. These men were in digital blue field dress, like their instructors back at Onyx, which struck them as odd. But they were wearing NWU's, the most ancient uniform the UNSC used. Dating back to the early 21st Century it was still employed it seemed. The other thing that struck them as odd was the fact the ship seemed to pitching as their finely tuned centers of gravity were being kicked to the curb every second_. That's not right! The artificial gravity shouldn't do that!_ Thought Bryan, as his captors stumbled a bit as he was pulled down a hallway.

"Where are we?!" Frank yelled out as they were yanked towards a hatch.

"Home."

With that the Spartans were greeted with a very strange sight. They aboard a ship, not a space ship of the UNSC Fleet, but a sea going ship of the UNSC "Wet" Navy. The vessel was enormous, as far as the Spartans could see was a massive deck filled with aircraft, munitions, personnel, and general chaos. Men and women were running about, doing who knew what. There were numerous robots scurrying about, maintaining the fighters, Pelicans, and other miscellaneous craft, loading weapons, fuel, and checking then double checking all components within their programing. Pilots strutted about, moving to and from their birds as Marines and Special Operations troops moved about the edges of the massive deck.

"What is this thing?" Jules asked, eyeing the sleek gray superstructure above them.

"This thing, as you say lassy, is the pride of the Wet Navy. Welcome aboard the Enterprise, I'm Captain McCoy, your new training instructor," the man said with an extremely thick Scottish accent. He was big and muscular, with a black faded leather jacket on with the

insignia for Captain on the shoulders as well as the arm and collar. His face was hardened and tanned from a lifetime at sea. His eyes were black and beady, with nothing but a pure calculating gaze cast upon them. His beard bristled with thick gray hair that covered his neck and almost his collar. This man was a true seadog, and it was almost unnerving.

"No."

"What was that lad?" Captain McCoy turned towards Darius, who stood defiantly, rock solid in his conviction.

"We are not under orders to be transferred to this command and we were not properly as per UNSC Protocol Articleâ€|"

"No, but you are dead laddy."

This piece of information struck them all as strange, and their faces contorted in ones of utter confusion and curiosity. Their expressions must have given them away, as the Captain smiled beneath his thick gray beard.

"Dead?" June trembled.

"Great now we don't have anyone looking for us, and we don't get paid, thanks a lot ass holes," Eden groaned.

The Spartans all concurred, although the not getting paid thing was the least of their worries. They didn't get paid until they were eighteen, it was a paper work issue to keep them from being discovered by the UE Congress, which handled the enormous flow of money to the UNSC. The military had to account for every cent that they were issued at any given time.

But now the kid Spartans were pushed forward and then shown to the very edge of the Enterprise's deck. The sea below them churned a pristine light blue as the sleek bulk of ship powered through the water at high speed. It was astounding to think of how something as fast as this behemoth was capable of going at the speed it was moving at. True the carrier wasn't the biggest thing to ever grace the arsenal of the UNSC, but it was in an environment that had claimed more people in the past year than space travel accidents had.

"The ocean is a dangerous place little Spartans, you don't want to fall into the water in conditions much worse than this, most likely you'd drown, or hypothermia, or eaten. Take yer pick," the old man spoke up, walking along the deck's very edge, perilously close to a long drop into the frothy water below, "which is why, as your first training exercise you'll swim to that islandâ€|"

The old coot pointed astern of the vessel and pointed straight at a large lush island in the middle of nowhere, it was nothing but mountainous jungle and sandy beach. And they were getting farther from it, and quickly.

"Are you nuts? We can't make that swim from here without life jackets, we'll drown!" Bryan voiced his discontent.

"You sure about that? Admitting defeat to the waves is no way your training as Sea Spartans."

"Seaâ€|what?!" Eden exclaimed, walking back away from the edge, only to be grabbed forcefully by the Navy Trainers behind her.

"Aye, Sea Spartans. Now, time to get wet."

"No, no, no, no," June struggled as she and her twin were forced roughly towards the slick edge of the main deck while the rest of the team was having the same thing done to them.

"Let go of me!" Darius screamed, infuriated at how helpless he was at the moment.

Every single Spartan was pushed, carried, or thrown to the edge until their boots were barely an inch away from plummeting into the blue salt water below them. Their instructors halted them with arms pinned by rock solid hands as the Captain walked up behind them.

"Oh yeah, as you're swimming, watch out for sharks."

"Watch out for what?!"

Before they were answered every single one of them was pushed all at once. They flipped, tumbled and fell towards the water nearly thirty feet below them. The cold water smacked them in the face and the classic chill of the deeper water and the rush of water being driven by the Hydromagneto Drive of the UNSC ship blew them below the surface like little rag dolls. After gaining their bearings each Spartan broke the surface and looked around in the calm surface of the wake of the ship. Each of them was relieved to see that their comrades were only a few meters away. But unfortunately, so was a dark gray fin and a massive black shadow with lots of teeth.

****Cliff Hanger! I love doing that, sorry it's taken me so long the holidays are a tough time for me to write, but I managed to get something done and updated so there you guys are. I plan on getting the next one up ASAP, so worry not, I'm not abandoning this story, not even considering it.****

****Next Chapter Preview: Jaws, meet Spartans.****

End
file.